

CONTACT

Published by St. Joseph's College

Vol 6

Collegeville, Indiana, ~~March~~ 1944

No. 6

Feb.

Father Joe Kenkel Celebrates Jubilee

Former President Limits Day's Festivities Because Of Present War Emergency

Ordained December 29, 1918, the Rev. Doctor Joseph B. Kenkel, C.P.P.S., chose Wednesday, February 9, for the college celebration of his silver anniversary.

Because of war conditions, Father Kenkel decided months ago to make the commemoration of his ordination very informal and limited it to the college personnel. "Had it not been for this," he remarked on the eve of the celebration, "I should have wished to invite a number of friends to share this happy occasion with me." The college, too, would have much preferred to honor Father Kenkel more elaborately.

For nine and one-half years, September, 1927, to January, 1936, he was President of St. Joseph's, guiding it wisely through years of prosperity, and cautiously, through years of depression.

Besides, Father Kenkel has spent most of his twenty-five years in the priesthood either preparing himself for teaching at St. Joseph's or actually engaged in this work. His first appointment was to the Catholic University, where he obtained a doctorate of philosophy in economics in 1922. That same fall he began to teach. Between 1925 and 1927, when he was appointed president, he acted as dean of studies. And except for one semester's leave at the end of his period as president, he has taught in the social science department.

A scholar in the field of economics, Father Kenkel is a thorough and inspiring professor. Nor is his pen inactive. He has contributed articles on his subject to magazines and, at the request of the social action department of the N.C.W.C., he has prepared one of these articles, "Sharing the Profits with Employees," for publication in pamphlet form. It is the second of a series of four articles, the third of which is now in preparation.

Choosing for his text the words,

Dies In Sanitarium

William V. Foley, '39, died at the Lake County Sanitarium for tuberculosis, Crown Point, Ind., Feb. 6, and was buried from Holy Angels Church, Gary, Feb. 9. An honor student while at St. Joseph's, he was distinguishing himself in medical school until his health broke.

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him," the Very Reverend Aloys H. Dirksen, C.P.P.S., S.T.D., President,



FATHER KENKEL

stressed the priesthood in his jubilee sermon. This theme, he appropriately applied to Father Kenkel. The Revs. Sylvester Hartman, C.P.P.S., and S. H. Ley, C.P.P.S., were deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass.

New X-Ray Laboratory Equipment Gives Science Department Prestige

An X-Ray laboratory is the latest valuable addition to the excellent science department of St. Joseph's. Housed in what was the publication office of Stuff and Measure on the ground floor of Science Hall, conveniently adjoining the physics laboratory, the equipment consists of a 220 kilovolt generator, a control cabinet, an auxiliary tube stand and an X-Ray table. The table is completely outfitted for fluoroscopy as well as for pictures.

The equipment was manufactured by the Standard X-Ray Company of Chicago. If it could be purchased at all new today it would cost between \$7,000 and \$8,000. Through the alertness of Father Christian Stabb, C.P.P.S., formerly of the college faculty and now teaching science at Central Catholic High School, in Fort Wayne, it was ob-

Student Loan Fund Set Up At College

On a modest scale a student loan fund has been set up at the college. Modeled on similar funds at other institutions, a careful study of which has been made, it permits needy and deserving students to help themselves financially at a low rate of interest while they are studying. They pay back the amount borrowed when they acquire earning power.

Interest accumulated on the loans is added to the fund, which thereby increases slowly but gradually. A few contributions have also been received to bolster the initial amount.

Gifts earmarked "Student Loan Fund" received from alumni or from other friends of the college will be deeply appreciated.

Richard Scharf, Jr. Enjoys Baby Sister

Richard Scharf, Jr., has a playmate since Feb. 3, when a daughter was born to Coach Dick and Mrs. Scharf. Weighing eight pounds, eleven ounces at birth, the baby was baptized Maureen Kathryn, Feb. 20. The faculty enjoyed the cigars. Little Dickie prefers his baby sister to all his Christmas toys.

Columnist Finds Msgr. Wm. Arnold Truly Inspiring

Readers of the Detroit News found a feature on Brig. Gen. William R. Arnold, '02, some time ago that is too good not to pass on to other alumni. The writer, Mr. Bernard Godwin, who interviewed Msgr. Arnold, was instantly impressed by a real leader, a truly inspiring person. "It is little wonder," he states, "that the chaplains and men of the Army pour out their tributes to their chief."

"General Arnold reflects the quality of a sincere chaplain. Yet he is a realist of the first order; he knows the problems which endanger the clean minds and clean bodies of our men in the fighting forces and he is solving them swiftly and successfully."

"Figures show that church attendance in the Army is better than in civilian life and, with his influence and aggressiveness, it is no wonder. When victory comes to American troops, not the least credit will result from their marching into battle with a deep sense of the power of God's spirit within them."

Quoting Msgr. Arnold, Mr. Godwin continues: "I want every soldier's mother and family to know that their boy is being aided and inspired to know his God through the courage and loving care of his chaplain. Whether in health or in sickness, he is being ministered to by the representative of his church."

Reardon, Sheehan At Maxwell Field, Ala.

Louisville, Kentucky and Youngstown, Ohio contributed St. Joe products to the Army Air Forces Training School at Maxwell Field, Alabama on the same day. Both William J. Reardon, Jr. and George L. Sheehan became aviation cadets there, Feb. 1. They will remain for nine weeks.

George received his B. A. degree in 1941; Bill completed his sophomore year in 1943.

CONTACT

Established March 1, 1939.

Published by St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Ind., monthly, September to May, to further the objects and purposes of that institution of learning.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class matter March 5, 1942, at the Post Office at Collegeville, Ind., under the Act of August 24, 1912.

Edward A. Fischer

Editors

Sylvester H. Ley, C.P.P.S.

Campus Visitor Finds Not All Things Change

It's heartening to find some things unchanged in a changing world. When you visit the campus, you get a lift at finding so many things the same as when you left them.

The 'atmosphere, or spirit, or "feel," or whatever you want to call it is just the same as it always was. Words have a way of failing you when you try to describe it. Perhaps it's so difficult because it isn't one big thing. It's a thousand little things. The thousand little things are things you hear, and see, and smell, and taste, and feel.

For instance, the sounds you hear coming from the music department every day shortly after the noon meal. They're crazy, screeching, twisted sounds. They are made by students warming horns, putting strings in tune, torturing faltering scales from a piano. But they are the same sounds you heard many years ago, and there is something sweet in their discord.

You walk around the lake; you notice the fountain is spouting as high as ever. And you notice that the wind still has a way of blowing the spray all over you.

You see Brother Dave hurrying across the campus from the barber shop. The little finger on his left hand still sticks well out. And you observe that he still takes a hop, skip, and jump to land atop his bicycle.

The aroma of Father Ley's pipe is the same; the tone of the chapel clock is the same; and the thud of basketballs on the gymnasium floor is the same.

You feel the wind sweeping across the north campus as sharp as ever; you sniff the same strong smell of sulphur water in the washroom; you hear the clang of the iron stage door that always reminded you of the dungeon doors you read about as a kid.

And when you get the same breathless feeling at seeing the chapel towers silhouetted against the night, you are heartened. For then you begin to realize there are some things that have not changed.

E. A. F.

Trains Army Pumas

Dear Editor,

Greetings from a sunbaked St. Joe alumnus here in Florida. I am at Miami Beach, and have been for fifteen months, doing physical training for the Army air forces. Of the many faces that I have seen during this time none were so welcome as that of Steve Theodosis, '42. I had taken the stand for calisthenics, and he was right there in the front rank.

Another incident was that of meeting Ed Fleming, '42, while waiting for a bus. He said he was attending guard school and that he would transfer to an investigators' school before he graduated. I haven't seen him for the past few weeks.

I received a letter from my old "roomie" Lieut. Richard E. Cody; he, the wife and baby are quite happy since they can be together. Good old Dick. He was always a leader, and I know that he can lead them there and bring them back.

In closing, it looks like overseas at last for me, and one more St. Joe boy to spread the bad new for the Axis.

Sgt. Charles R. Simms

379th Base Hq & Air Base Sqdn.

Miami Beach 39, Florida

Former Sports Editor Likes Clean Navy Life

Dear Editor,

I am now in the Hospital Corps of the Navy, stationed overseas. I have been in the Navy slightly over a year now, and I like my work. I enjoy trying to keep up the high traditions of the Navy, and I like the clean life.

My assignment is that of having charge of all clerical duties pertaining to our large hospital. It has been my detail only since everything has been cleaned up; by that I mean the Japs who were killed by our invasion, the booby traps and land mines, and a general clean-up of the island that fell to the Medical Department for the preservation of health.

Well do I remember those Friday evening meetings of the staff of Stuff. I picture clearly the prayer before meetings, Dick Schreiber calling them to order, the various stories handed out, requests for ideas from the editor, and finally, constructive criticisms on the previous issue. I was just a freshman with journalistic tendencies, which I still have.

We have our daily paper here, for which I write an article regularly pertaining to the maladies being contracted here. This article just helps to fill in my day. Recently I sent a 1500-word story entitled, "Duty in the Pacific Islands," to the Hospital Corps quarterly.

Many nights I lie awake and think of the campus—the towering structure of Science Hall, the intimacy of Seifert, the ancient grandeur of Gasper, and the seemingly far-off place of Drexel for the upper classmen. We get up at six here, and the thought comes very plainly how we used to gripe when nine o'clock class made up arise about eight-fifteen. Fond memories, and as soon as possible I will renew them.

Give my greeting to all my former professors, any fellows who may still be there, the brothers and Pete Heimas, R.N.

Very sincerely yours,

Joseph M. Collier, HA1|c

c/o Fleet Post Office

San Francisco, California

Fitz Passes English; Hears Call Go West

Dear Editor,

All I can hope in this letter is that you will not regret that you passed me in English my last year at St. Joe—high school, 1941. I may have left at that stage, but I have never forgotten. How could one?

Much has happened since that bright Sunday afternoon in June three years ago. For one thing, I kept hearing someone say, "Go West, young man, Go West. So I went to Denver, where I attended Regis College for two years. Joe Koontz of Pat Weller's class was also there, and as far as I know, he now is in his third year at St. Thomas Seminary in Denver.

Talking about meeting St. Joe men (and really we were) I ran into John Callahan a few weeks ago. He finished his third year at St. Joe last May. He is, or was, at a replacement depot here on the west coast.

But to get back to myself, I played football and basketball at Regis, leaving baseball season open to study my accounting. The high point of my two years in Denver took place in meeting, three days after reaching the Rockies, September 13, 1941. Yes, it was on a Friday night. Her name was Martha McCammon.

We weren't married until Oct. 13, 1943. We rather like that number, and I only wish we had married after thirteen months instead of waiting twenty-five. My wife is also doing her part toward winning the war; she is an Army nurse.

My best to St. Joe, all her and my friends.

Sincerely,

Arthur J. Fitzsimons

AP0 7447

San Francisco, California

Feicht Becomes Clerk

Dear Editor,

Now that I have a permanent address for a while, I shall answer your last letter.

I believe that the best news is that after crossing the wide, blue Pacific, the Army finally decided to make a clerk out of me instead of a rifleman. So now, instead of using a gun on some unfortunate "slit-eye," I'll punch the keys of a typewriter. I'm in the Service of Supply.

While we were on the ship, I helped a sailor publish a paper for the crew. *

This little job led me to another for the remainder of the trip, this in the chaplain's office.

Life on an island! I visited town New Year's afternoon, and—I can't explain it. However, it's an experience that I'm glad I'm not missing.

Our office is just a stone's throw from the beach, and we do take advantage of that fact. The swimming is excellent. But I can't agree with Augie Sunagel that it's just like the Chicago beaches. At least it isn't that way here. It actually is beautiful.

Never did I realize how much the college papers meant until I got away from St. Joe. To a man in the service they are equal to at least ten letters.

Sincerely,

Pvt. John E. Feicht

AP0 502

San Francisco, California

*Those landlubbers, John observed in his column, found a practical use for their helmets while being tossed about on the Pacific.—Ed.

LeSage Loses Self In Jungle; Battles Tropical Storm

Getting lost in an island jungle and being caught by a tropical storm while out on a raft in the sea are two experiences T/5 Paul LeSage will tell his grandchildren. He writes from New Habrides, South Pacific.

Paul and some of his buddies, to while away a lazy Sunday afternoon, decided to search for their pet fruits in the jungle. Leaving the trails, they split up individually, deciding, however, to stick close enough together to hear a shout.

"A fellow goes ten feet and just automatically disappears; the jungle swallows him. After a couple hundred feet, his voice will not carry. The jungle hangs like a blanket all around him, and to go a step in any direction he must cut, sweat, and fight his way through.

"I got turned around. Every direction seemed the same. Accidentally, I stumbled into a clearing where there were dozens of banana trees. Then I heard voices—the voices of natives. To say I wasn't scared would be to tell a lie even though I didn't turn around and run. I couldn't. These fellows were friendly, however; they showed me their huts, loaded me down with bananas, lemons, limes, and oranges, a big pineapple and a papaya. They directed me to the trail, and after I got out I resolved never again to venture into that tangled mass of nature."

On another Sunday afternoon, Paul and a companion went searching for corals, a favorite pastime of the soldiers. Dissatisfied with what they found on the shore, these two towed a log to the ocean front, swam out with it and used it as a diving base for more rare treasures. Then came the storm, and for four hours they battled the waves.

"At least you know now that I'm existing," Paul concludes his thousand-word travelog, "and haven't forgotten the good old St. Joe days. May the lights of St. Joseph's never dim in the future field of education. That I ask God in my prayers. For I, with many others, have much to be grateful for since St. Joe was our first step out into the world."

Bivenour Ties Strings

A February blizzard wouldn't keep hats on to a man like Lieut. Jack Bivenour, '42. From his post, 8,000 miles from home, he sends a substantial check "for the alumni fund or for a subscription in favor of any St. Joe soldier you wish to send the paper to." Such strings tie easily.

THREE COONEY BROTHERS IN UNITED STATES ARMY



JIM



LEO



TOM

He himself chairman of the war-loan drives in his home town of Woodstock, Illinois, Mr. Herbert T. Cooney, '02, has three sons in the Army division of the armed services. Mr. Cooney is President of the State Bank of Woodstock. James, who graduated from St. Joseph's in 1940, is thought to be somewhere in England. He is the oldest of the three. Coming to the college later, Thomas and Leo were called to the colors before completing their work. The former has been at Biggs Field, Texas; the latter is pursuing courses at the University of Wisconsin under the Army Specialized Training Plan. (Courtesy of Woodstock Daily Sentinel.)

Professor Tonner Prepares Organ Gems

Mr. Paul C. Tonner, B.Mus., professor of music at St. Joseph's, has compiled and arranged a sheaf of music entitled, *Gems of Masterworks for the Organ*.

Of it, the January issue of *Etude* says: "The classic source of the music appearing in the new collection is ample assurance of its quality, with composers such as Bach, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Franck, Handel, Tchaikowsky, Chopin, and Liszt contributing to its contents."

When preparing the collection, Professor Tonner had in mind the small, two-manual organs, which are numerous in homes, churches, school auditoriums, lodge halls, and today, in the many chapels and recreation centers of service camps.

The February issue of *Etude* states: "If the advance sale, so far, is any indication, there are thousands of organists awaiting the publication of this fine collection." Advance publication offer is 60 cents postpaid.

B. Staudt Gets Wings

Member of the first class of Aviation Cadets to attend the U.S. Military Academy's Basic and Advanced Flying School at Stewart Field, Newburgh, New York, Benedict Staudt, '38 of Canton, Ohio, received his wings February 8. A class of seventy-five was graduated.

Schreiber Triples Maroon Circulation

During the two months that he has been Director of Publications at the University of Chicago, Mr. G. R. Schreiber, '43, has tripled the circulation of the *Maroon*, campus sheet. When he took charge only 600 copies were distributed weekly; now there are 1800. Active students sell the paper on the campus.

"I am trying an experiment," writes Dick, "cutting the page size to (roughly) five columns by 14 inches. The paper is now printing eight pages instead of four; I expect it to go to twelve pages shortly, then to semi-weekly, and some time next year to daily."

Father Leo Frye To Be Chaplain

Having received his commission as First Lieutenant, Father Leo Frye, '33, left Immaculate Conception parish, Toledo, Ohio, February 10, to enter Chaplain School at Harvard University.

Miller City Officer Killed In Service

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 15—The War Department made public today the name of Lieut. Paul F. Dobmeyer, '39, of Miller City, Ohio, who was killed in action in the European area.

Bill Dawson V-Mails Present Address

Dear Editor,

Last week I received an issue of *CONTACT*, sent to me from home by my father. The address contained therein has been changed. If it is possible I'd like the correction to be made in another issue so that the freshmen who were with me in '41 can write to me. I promise to write in return.

When I hear from some of them, perhaps they could be induced to take a G.I. trip to England, with myself as guide.

Sincerely yours,
Sgt. Bill Dawson, ,
APO 635
c/o Postmaster, N.Y. C.

(It is impossible to print complete addresses of men in the foreign service. But we repeat, anyone who wishes, may get addresses we have on file. Ed.)

Birthday Mass Is Biggest Thrill

Biggest thrill for Brother Victor on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday came two weeks later. When Msgr. Wm. R. Arnold, Chief of Army Chaplains, read the birthday announcement in the January issue of *CONTACT*, he immediately sent a letter of congratulation in which he promised to say a Mass for Brother Vic, February 4, Feast of St. Andrew.

Scoops Morrison Sends Addresses

For a number of the addresses which follow, we are all indebted to Jack (Gus) Morrison, '40, of 389 Alameda Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, who keeps in touch not only with his classmates in the service but with a score or more others. If Jack makes a scoop occasionally, CONTACT stands corrected. Others are invited to send in any addresses they obtain for checking.

Pvt. Paul H. Banet, APO 443, Nashville, Tenn.

Pvt. Jerome Bauscher, APO 929, San Francisco, Calif.

James T. Beane, Sp. A. 3C USN-TC, Davisville, R. I.

Sgt. Cyril A. Bernard, APO 9400, San Francisco, Calif.

S2.C. John F. Boyle, Bks. 104 Starboard, Cl. 35, Hosp. Corps Scho., Great Lakes, Ill.

Pvt. Wm. J. Browning, APO 35, Camp Butner, North Carolina.

Lieut. Joseph Brungardt, APO 333, Camp Hackall, North Carolina.

John Carmody, Co. C., 29th MTB, Camp Grant, Ill.

Sgt. T. John C. Cashman, APO 44, Shreveport, La.

A.C. Robert E. Cavey, Co. B, Cadet Rfg., Naval Air Tng. Cen., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Pvt. Wm. Charlebois, Co. C., 1st Pl., 2 Bn., 32 Bn., Camp Grant, Ill.

Pfc. J. Cooney, APO 115, New York City.

Walter Corvington, A.S., V-12, 6214 Winthrop Ave., Apt. 503, Chicago, Ill.

A.C. Joseph C. Crane, Class 44E, Cadet Det., G.A.A.E., Greenwood, Miss.

A.C. Edward Delahanty, Amph. Tng., Force Comm. Sch., Camp Pendleton, Oceandale, Calif.

Pfc. Walter Donahue, 45th Field Hosp., Ft. Bragg, North Carolina.

Daniel J. Dreiling, S.K. 3/c, Co. 1009, Bks. 5-0, G.N. USNTS, Farragut, Idaho.

Capt. N. Dreiling, APO 9616, New York City.

Tech. 4, Joseph A. Falkner, APO 9656, New York City.

Sgt. Leon Frechette, Sg. & Sch. Hos. Sig Co. Sg., Tng. Cen. 1, Robins Field, Macon, Georgia.

Sgt. Dennis A. Giles, APO 256, New York City.

A.C. Wm. J. Glueckert, AAAF, Altus, Okla.

Pfc. Lowell Goubeaux, APO 345 Pando, Colo.

Lieut. Frank Greiner, Inspection Office, Bldg. 1, Edgewood Arsenal, Md.

A.S. Henry Gronszewski, Sq. 110, Fl. F, Sect. 6, San Antonio, Texas.

Lieut. C. J. Heitz, 32111/2 E. Ocean Blvd., Longbeach, 3, Calif.

George Herb, E.M. 3/c Fleet P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

Pvt. John Hoff, ASTU 3857, Co. A., 2nd Pl., Brooks Hall, Baylor Univ., Maco, Texas.

Pvt. Richard Hurley, AGF-Pr. Depot 1, Ft. Meade, Md.

Father U. Koehl Composes Prayer

CINCINNATI, Ohio—More than 200 hospitals have sent requests to St. Mary's Hospital, Cincinnati, for copies of a prayer which is recited by surgeons while they prepare for operations. The prayer was composed by the Reverend Urban Koehl, '13, St. Mary's Hospital chaplain.

A reproduction of the prayer follows:

Divine Healer of the sick,
Christ Jesus Our Lord, without
Whose aid we can do nothing,
look down with favor upon us
about to perform this operation.
Direct our minds and our hands that
our work may be praiseworthy
unto Thee, and successful unto
those who suffer. In all things,
Thy Will be done. Amen. St. Luke,
Patron of Physicians, Pray for Us!

A.S. Charles Joseph, A.F.T.B., Little Creek, Va.

Cpl. Joseph Kennedy, Casual Det., Sec. F., Camp Stoneman, Calif.

Pvt. Wm. Kiep, AST Unit, Univ. of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Pvt. Wm. Koester, Jr., Co. E. 3201 S.C.S.U., Box 724, Rutgers Univ., New Brunswick, N. J.

1st Sgt. Peter Kuntz, 135th Ord. Amm. Co., Camp Maxey, Texas.

Ensign Stan T. Lapsys, Bks. 6, Gr. 2, Solomons Branch, Washington, D. C.

Pvt. Gerald Leahy, Co. A., Sec. 7, 1555 Ser. U., Univ. of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, 21, Ohio.

Pvt. Robert Luther, 3411 Star-Stetson Univ., Deland, Fla.

Pfc. Henry B. Miller, Walter Reed Gen Hosp., Washington, D.C.

Pfc. Albert Moran, APO 403-A, Shreveport, La.

Cpl. Raymond Morrison, APO 942 Seattle, Washington.

Cp. Robert O'Neill, APO 932, San Francisco, Calif.

Lieut. Charles Peitz, 311 F. A. Bn., 79th Div., Camp Phillips, Kansas.

A.C. James Quinlan, 12Cr-1, Bks. 110, Bunk 166, U.S.N.A. Sta., Minneapolis, 6, Minn.

A.C. Joseph Reardon, U.S.N.A. Sta., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Pfc. Wallace Spalding, Jr., APO 26, Nashville, Tenn.

Lieut. Andrew Stodola, Jr., 791st A.A.A., A.W. Bn., Army Air Base, Camp Picket, Va.

Pvt. Herbert Vilim, APO 711, San Francisco, Calif.

Ensign John Vilim, U.S.N.R., S.C.T.C., Bellevue, Rm. 27, Miami, Florida.

A/S Richard J. Walker, 97th C.T.D., M.T.S. 9 Stevens Point, Wisc

CONTACT will be six years old next month. Your paid subscription will buy its boys' toys. Send it in now!

BACKS BASKETBALL ATTACK



FRED JONES, '39 (back row, center) plays guard on the above basketball team on Guadalcanal. Marine Corps team, Co. B, defeated all competition from the other Marines, the Army and the Navy. A record of twenty-one victories and no losses made them the champions of the island.

Bernard H. Meiering Dies At Sharpsburg

After an illness of three months, Bernard H. Meiering, '06, died at Sharpsburg, Ohio, Wednesday, January 26. He was fifty-four years old last November 1.

Mr. Meiering had spent his entire life in the vicinity of Sharpsburg; for twenty years he taught in the schools there. An exemplary Catholic layman, he was the father of nine children, one of whom, Father Arnold Meiering, C.P.P.S., of Garden City, Kansas, finished his prephilosophy courses at the college in 1934. Another one, Bernard, Jr., is now at Brunnerdale Seminary, Canton, Ohio, where he has begun his preparation for the priesthood.

Plane Crash Fatal

A letter from his father announces that last September 16, Joseph Holloway, '40, was killed in a plane crash at Jamaica N. Y. Joe took pre-dental courses at St. Joseph's for two years.

Talk Through Gate

"Tonight I received quite a surprise," writes Pfc. J. P. Sheehan, from Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, where he is on duty in the prison ward of the camp hospital. "I was talking to the M.P. through the gate when his Sergeant of the Guard came in. It was Don Clark. I wasn't able to talk to him very long because he had to make the rounds, but he promised to stop in soon, when we will have an extended conversation with St. Joe as the main topic."

Taps Sound Death Of H. S. Ferguson

Taps have been sounded for Henry S. Ferguson, '38, of Crown Point, Indiana. He was first reported missing in November, 1942. A year later announcement of his death reached his mother, Mrs. George Henderlong, of 464 South East Street, Crown Point.

Henry was a Fire Controlman First Class in the Navy. Another son or Mrs. Henderlong, Lieut Paul J. Henderlong, is a pilot at George Field, Lawrenceville, Illinois. Paul was at St. Joe from 1929 to 1932.

Chaplain G. F. Esser Enjoys Leave Here

Major Gilbert F. Esser, C.P.P.S., Assistant Division Chaplain of the 79th, enjoyed a leave from Camp Phillips, Kansas, recently, which he spent visiting his brother, Father Rufus, and the other college faculty members. They traveled to Burkettsville, Ohio, to visit their sister, Sister M. Edmunda, C.P.P.S., and to St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen.

Father Gilbert spoke to the seminarians at Carthagen and to the community students at St. Joseph's on the duties and experiences of Army chaplains. Before coming to Camp Phillips in December he had had four months of desert training with his group. He has no information on their future activities.

AT CHANGED ADDRESS

Since February 2, Justin F. Serozynski, '35, who has a position with the Standard Oil Company, lives at 6711 Alabama, Hammond, Indiana.